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St. Paul Catholic High School

The ECHO



DECEMBER, 1927

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LINCOLN'S WAY



Abraham Lincoln, the foremost thinker of the age, never knew the blessings and benefits of a good school. Beset by adversity, disappointment and hardship, his path did not lead to the splendid advantages of training and education such as the youth of our nation know today.

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The ECHO

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

James Studer, '28

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Sophomores.....	N. Burns, '30 K. Winans, '30
Freshmen.....	G. Flannery, '31 J. Nagelsen, '31
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Russel Blackburn, '28

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R. O'Dowd, '28	H. Horton, '29
A. Pion, '28	J. McArdle, '29
W. Lassus, '28	R. Griebel, '29

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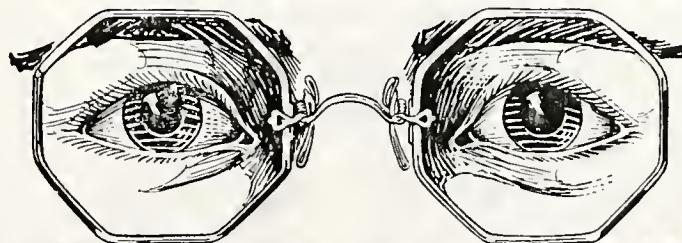
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Christmas

Beneath the stars' white light,
A little Babe was born;
And from Jud a's wistful night,
Came the eternal Morn.

C. Keller, '28.

THE ECHO

My Christmas Day

I've wandered from my home and love,
In every clime 'midst every race
I've spent the day and longed for home;
The day that gave us Christ the Lord.

In Bethlehem the day was bleak,
The earth was stark and cold and drear;
No snow its naked brow to dress
When nature's Maker came to heal.

My Christmas I would have all white,
With flakes of snowy whiteness blest;
Just as the Child of Bethlehem
Was blest, with Mother pure and fair.

O let me e'er in endless years,
That day with Thee in heaven spend;
Forget the earth, our pleasure toy,
Back in the sunshine of Thy love.

A. Nilles, '28.

The Lion Tamers

The Lion Tamers were in session. It was a crisp night in December, a fortnight before Christmas. The Lion Tamers or "The Devil's Dozen," as the towns people called them, were thought to be the scourge of Littleburg, whereas they were only imitators of Huckleberry Finn. As they sat in the loft of Ned Brown's barn around the improvised stove that was roaring merrily they made a brave picture. Twelve enthusiastic faces with clean-cut features reflected almost as many emotions. Some were smiling and some wore a frown as they labored over a nefarious plot to ruin the peace of mind of the innocent villagers; others had a look of

amused contempt as they pointed out the flaws in their neighbor's plan.

There seemed to be no prank that they hadn't already done several times. "Besides," as Ned expressed it, "Christmas wasn't a very good time to play petty tricks on people."

At last Bill Wilson, Chief Tamer, stood up and said: "Say, fellows, why can't we do something different this year? Almost everybody in town can guess what we will do because we have performed the same, same thing so often. I—"

"That's what I say!" interrupted several at once,—"but what can we do?"

"Well!" said Bill earnestly, "why not do something good instead of playing pranks. You all remember the crippled chap who helped Pete out of that scrape he had yesterday?"

The quick nods of the youths showed that they did.

"Now, this flegelow," resumed Bill, "belongs to a very poor family. Besides, infantile paralysis has left him physically ruined for life. But I happen to know that he is very brilliant when it comes to mental work. If he had a chance to go to some business college he would be sure of earning his own living in later life."

"What's that got to do with us?" queried Phil Tarsk.

"Why, we must send him through the course!" was the quick rejoinder.

"But how? You know we have only

twenty 'bucks' in the old sock and it will surely take more than that!"

"Can't you see? We have two weeks in which to make thirty dollars, which is easy picking for the Lion Tamers," explained the enthused Bill.

One after another the boys expressed their approval of the plan. Some shouted, some nodded, and some stood up and jumped, as each one's turn came to vote. In short it was unanimous.

Many suggestions were submitted as to a probable plan of raising the necessary money, but when "Punk" Drew said: "Let's give a show," all the rest were forgotten.

The show was a success. Each of the "Devil's Dozen" had worked like a Trojan to make it so. It took quite a while to convince the towns people that everything was on the level, but in the end most of them attended. The gate receipts totaled forty dollars.

It required two more meetings to decide in what manner the money would be presented. At last they all decided to gather in a body at the humble home of William Bromley on Christmas Eve and with Bill Wilson as a spokesman to submit the present.

Careful lest the people know what they were about they hurried through the cold, still night. No one did they meet. When they were admitted into the guest room by the large, motherly Mrs. Bromley, Bill stepped forward and gave his short, prepared speech.

"You, William Bromley, have rendered a distinct service to the Loyal Order of the Lion Tamers. In view of the fact, said Order has voted to accept you as member and make the Order a baker's dozen instead of a "Devil's Dozen." The law of the Lion Tamers is that when a fellow member is in need of help, the august body promptly help

said member. We know of your dream to finish school and this money we are giving you will make it possible. Attention!" he barked, and all gave the Lion Tamers' salute.

"Retreat!" and amid yells the dozen left the house, leaving the mother wiping her eyes and the son shedding his tears of gratitude.

The Tamers felt it necessary to perform some startling misdememor to cover up the show of kindness.

You might be sure that twelve men felt a glow of satisfaction when one Mr. William Drew was elected president of the local bank a score of years later.

Robert Herber, '28.

Oscar Kicks

A tall, thin, sickly looking boy stood in the line of candidates for the Marietta football team. He seemed about six feet tall, with narrow shoulders and long bones protruding from all points of his awkward anatomy, and a face—well, it was far from handsome. Of all the impossible candidates for the team that year, he was the most impossible. If he was a football player, I felt I was Gene Tunney.

When his turn came, the coach looked at him in astonishment. He could hardly suppress a smile. "Well! Woolworth Building," he exclaimed sharply, "what position?"

"End."

"Name?"

"Oscar Peghowski, sir."

"All right, Leghowski—"

"Peghowski, sir."

"Beghowski, then—get your football togs and report for practice tomorrow."

"Yes, sir." The candidate shambled away.

I remarked to the candidate next to me in the locker room: "Wonder why the coach didn't tell him he was too late or something. Anybody could see he couldn't even make the eighteenth team. He'll blunder everything. I'll bet he doesn't know a football from a watermelon."

The next afternoon I was late for practice. I hurried into my suit and raced with all speed toward the field, fastening on my headgear as I ran. Everyone was grouped over on one side of the field, with a clearing in the center. Someone was evidently tackling the dummy or falling on the ball, and because the sight was unusually good, Coach Whitten had everyone watching. It's Oscar, of course, I thought—Oscar diving on the ball and getting his long legs tied into bow knots—or Oscar tackling the dummy, shutting his eyes and missing the swinging form by yards. Down would Oscar be on his funny nose. I was missing a lot of fun. I hurried faster. It must be Oscar for I could hear his name called by the coach. I was almost to the group when—Ping! The ball sailed into the air. Up, up, and down the field, then over the goal posts for one of the longest kicks I had ever seen on Marietta Field.

The crowd cheered: "Atta boy! Oh baby—and how! Oscar—Oscar—Oscar Peghowski!"

I stopped, startled. Surely Oscar didn't kick that ball! But there he was with Coach Whitten patting him on the back. The coach saw me.

"Be on time after this, George. Today you missed seeing how a player should really run, pass, tackle and

kick. Keep your eye on Oscar, George. He can teach you plenty."

G. Flannery, '31.

Thumbs Down

The trumpets blared forth the announcement to the assembled multitude. The Coliseum was crowded to capacity, the Emperor with his retinue of nobles and favorites were in their places and the signal had been given for the amusements to begin. The crowd buzzed and squirmed as it gradually settled down to quietness. The sun beat warmly on the clean, white sand covering the floor of the arena.

I stepped forward, made my obeisance to the Emperor, bowed to the clamouring crowd who cared, not for me, but for the amusement I might afford them in my fight for life.

From the ranks on the other side strode another soldier who also made his obeisance to the Emperor and then turning, advanced toward me. Another man like myself, destined to engage with me in mortal combat for no other reason than to satisfy the blood-thirsty lust of this vast assemblage and that august personage, the Emperor. We strode forward to the center of the arena, and faced each other with a grim look of mingled anxiety, sympathy, and hatred, for we knew that it mattered not to the multitude who won or lost. Either would be equally received as victor while as to the vanquished: No mercy. Compassion had no place in the hearts of this multitude.

With a final pause we advanced toward each other with cautious step, short sword and shield held ready for instant use. The soft tinkle of our light body armor could be heard distinctly in the stillness that always preceded

the first blow. He struck. I parried with ready shield and gave a short jab toward the chest, hoping to force an opening in the armor. He slashed again at my arm, nearly causing me to lose control of my shield. My return was a terrible swing of the sword which only bounded harmlessly off his uplifted shield. Thus we struck, shielded, parried, for what seemed to be minutes. My breath was coming in gasps, my arms no longer had the quick driving force. My right eye was nearly blinded by the blood running down from an ugly gash in my temple. My opponent's face was covered with perspiration and blood, his arms were cut in several places, and there were a few dents in his breast armor made by my first futile attempts to force an opening.

Suddenly my foot slid in some loose sand kicked up in our struggles, and I lost my balance. In an instant he had knocked me to my back, placed his foot on my chest and had his dagger at my throat. He looked up to the crowd for their verdict as to my release or death. There was a great shout and—

I awoke to hear my Latin teacher call to me for the third time to come out of the trance while my whole class roared at the queer look on my face as I saw a few of them with their thumbs held down in the sign of excretion.

T. Butler, '28.

Corn Whiskey

There were just twelve in the party moving cautiously along an unknown subterranean passage in which moonshiners were suspected of being secretly at their unlawful work. "Joe" Carry, the chief of the posse of deputies appointed for the capture of a cer-

tain gang of manufacturers of a deadly alcoholic poison, was sure he was on the right track. All were husky men prepared for the worst; for men of this type are not known to yell quits without some kind of a fight.

Softly, softly, crept the guardians of the law. Closer and closer they came to the secret den. At last they were at the right place. The men formed themselves into two lines of six each on each side of the room. Very quietly they surrounded the unsuspecting workers and blocked all exits. They still remained, however, in the deep shadows along the wall.

The law-breakers were busy at their vat full of "corn" which was to be sold for "pre-war" liquor. A large fire was kept burning under the boiling contents of the immense vat from which vapors were constantly rising.

Carry had before resolved to get all the necessary evidence to convict the men after their capture. So he waited a while and watched the actions of the group of seven men at the vat.

The silence of the seven men was broken when the toughest looking member of the gang said, "This sure is beginnin' to look like somethin'. It ought to sell fur enough to keep us sittin' party fur a while this winter."

"Yeh, but it tastes like the d---l," growled one who thus far had done nothing but stand around.

On hearing this remark the rest of the gang gave vent to a muffled laugh. One who seemed to be the leader in all their actions hissed back, "Shut your toothless mouth. What do we care about th' taste as long as we get it off our hands? Why sh'd we worry?"

Scarcely had the leader of the gang finished speaking when Carry carefully leveled his gun and punctured the side

of the vat from which the liquid immediately rushed out. Then with a rush the posse took the astonished wild eyed group prisoners.

"Yuh think yur slick, don't yuh?" growled Carry with as much ridicule as he could command. "Well! yer done bein' so slick. Yer goin' with us."

"Tu-tst-t w-ait!—somethin's wrong. W-e-e ain't did nothin' to you," stuttered one of the seven.

"Mebbe yuh hain't done nothin' to me, and it's a good thing yuh didn't or ye wouldn't be gabbin' at me now. Wait here till I plug the hole in the kettle over here. We want some evidence on these guys."

Carry and six others walked over to the nearly empty vat. Each dipped a finger into the liquid and tasted it. Then they looked at each other with astonished faces as if for an explanation.

"Don't look right to me," frowns one.

A man known as "Shorty" tasted it and made a very sour face. By this time all the members of the posse had tasted the mysterious liquid. No one seemed to know what to make of it.

"Ye gods!" Carry finally burst out, "it's maple syrup."

E. Buggert, '29.

My Opinion of the Sophomores

My first impression of the Sophomores was not very favorable. They were very noisy. But I suppose the same can be said of the rest of us. At times they acted as if they owned the school, especially when they tried to order others around. Most of the second year boys are all right. There are a few who think themselves better than we are. I suppose they have for-

gotten the fact that they differ from us only by one school year.

Next year we will be Sophomores and probably the Freshmen will think the same as we do now. But I hope our class will be different and that the Freshmen will think well of us.

R. Shea, '31.

My Opinion of the Freshmen

This year being the first for the Freshmen it is probably very hard for them to get settled. The subjects they carry this year are different from those carried last year; consequently it will take them some time to get accustomed to a new school routine. Undoubtedly there are some who have already absorbed the atmosphere of discipline and the daily routine during school hours. Their example should instill into the few slackers a better school spirit.

Most of the Freshmen come to school for the purpose of learning. Those who take this right attitude about study will surely graduate and succeed; while those who do not will gradually drop from their classes as they reach the end of the period of compulsory attendance at school.

The few Freshmen who go to school merely to participate in athletics are making a great mistake. Their studies should receive first attention because then the mind is trained as well as the body.

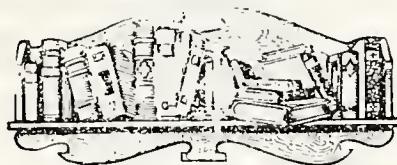
J. Fullam, '30.

Klug (to Kruse): Teacher is going to give me a present.

Kruse: When?

Klug: I don't know just when, but he told me to sit here for the present.

ESSAYS



A Voyage Across the Atlantic

A cool ocean breeze swept across the pier of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company, one early day in September at Hamburg, Germany. On the wharf were trunks and baggage of tourists who had spent a vacation abroad; some had visited their birthplace, others to reenergize their health and others on business; but all with the same destination, their beloved United States.

In the harbor lay at anchor the "Empress of Scotland," a steamship of twenty-four thousand tonnage, with a length of seven hundred feet and a width of one hundred and ten feet, awaiting the arrival of the morning of the seventh when it would bid for its passengers a farewell to their recent hosts.

On the morning of September 7, the pier presented a scene of vivid actions when the tourists rushed to and fro having their baggage inspected and passports approved. By ten o'clock the last of the passengers had boarded the boat. The anchor was hoisted and soon the churning of the water by the propellers announced that the sea voyage had begun.

Time taken for steamship ticket collections, finding cabins and the carrying of wardrobe trunks to the cabins by the stewards, occupied the greater part of the afternoon. By nightfall the

land marks had disappeared from the horizon and the boat headed toward the open sea.

The two following days passed by without any chief happening; the steamship steered its path through the North Sea for a distance of five hundred and ten miles. In this sea during the World War, the English and German battle-fleets met and fought a decisive battle near the shore of Heligoland.

On the third day of the voyage the Empress sailed into Southampton, England, where food supplies and fuel were taken on. This boat is an oil-burner and is, therefore, without the soot and dirt caused by coal. The English Channel was crossed and by evening the boat landed in Cherbourg, France. Mail and passengers were taken on and then the steamship turned westward and headed for the wide Atlantic Ocean.

The ensuing four days were days of enjoyment aboard the boat. Deck promenading, breakfast, games and lounging took up the time till the gong sounded for dinner. After dinner and throughout the rest of the afternoon we played chess and checkers or enjoyed an occasional dance. The passengers spent the evenings witnessing movies or in dancing before retiring.

Put the fifth day proved to be a day of unusual excitement. Early in the afternoon the boat struck a stormy sea with waves rising forty to fifty feet high. Although this boat was large it dived and swayed like a nut shell in a basin of water. The fury of the storm lasted throughout the rest of the day

and was an introduction to icebergs the day following. Those floating mountains of silent danger, seven-eighths submerged in water, waited for a boat to steer from its lane and meet the same fate as that of the *Titanic*. A school of whales was sighted that day and passengers with binocular glasses could clearly see them.

The island of New Foundland was seen the next day. In a few hours we were sailing through the Gulf of Saint Lawrence.

The day following, September 14, was a busy one. Trunks were inspected by the United States officials, passports were approved and the passengers made arrangements for disembarkment. The boat anchored at the pier in Quebec, Canada, in the afternoon and all were thankful to rest their feet on solid ground after ten days of sea voyage.

G. Lenk, '29.

The Railroad Crossing

The mortality at railroad crossings is the most staggering blow to the human race. Due to the automobile's great popularity the railroad crossing has annually become the threshold of eternity for thousands of people who had sought the freedom of the countryside. Innumerable pleasure seekers have been called before their Creator without a moment's warning at these crossings.

Fully aware of the unavoidable railroad-crossing menace the Railroad Corporations have made exhaustive endeavors to eliminate this evil. They have applied genius and have spent prodigious sums of money to drive the ghastly spectre of Death from his favorite haunt. The railroad crossing

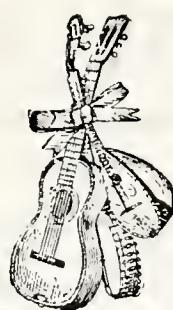
is plastered with ugly poultices of Caution, yet Death reaps its plenteous harvest there. Devices have been employed at crossings that stop the driver in a mechanical way. Even instruments that deter the driver in a psychological manner have been used. Yet in spite of the blood-red danger signals and the graphic reminders of lurking death, the railroad crossing still produces its dreadful toll. It is a hideous thought to think that thousands of this generation of automobile drivers will experience the clash of steel, feel the flow of their own blood and be maimed for life before Caution is profoundly engraved into their minds. But bitter experience seems to be the only teacher. The prospective outlook on railroad crossing accidents presages addition rather than subtraction of deaths; for more cars will be on the highways and the speed and number of trains are being increased. But despair is not the only alternative. As there is a cause for the grade-crossing tragedies, there is also a remedy. Most of these accidents are traceable to two reasons: the one is youth's insanity for thrill; the other, with rare exceptions, is pure carelessness. Abolish this carelessness and practice strict caution while approaching these crossings: treat the subject with absolute logic by practicing unwavering caution at every moment and think wisely before acting hastily. Only when these precautions are taken can we reasonably hope for death to quit his frequented rendezvous—the Railroad Crossing.

D. McKenzie, '28.

Rofflesen: Got a nickle Roussey?

Roussey: Yes.

Rofflesen: We eat.



Influence of Music

There is not a human being nor a wild creature on the earth that cannot be influenced in some way by music. It can soothe or irritate, give rest or recreation, cause dreams or excite one to passion, according to its style and rendition. Music is as old as man. Even the cave-dwellers had their instrumental music; for the flutes of reindeer horn have been found in the caves, together with implements of the stone age. Ancient music consisted mostly of imitations of the sounds of nature combined in a certain rhythm in a melodious manner. Thus a combination of several bird songs, the tinkling of falling water, the sighing of the breeze and the rustling of leaves would make the impression on the mind of the person hearing it when on a pleasant stroll through the woods. A few sharp, shrill crescendos accompanied by sonorous crashes of some sort of drum might represent a storm in progress. Everyone knows how the stirring strains and rhythmic beat of a march set all feet in motion. In the same manner the reverie can soothe a tired mind or the Chinese wild, weird strains cause a creepy feeling. In fact, all or any man's emotions can be excited by music.

T. Butler, '28.

Where Thanks Belong

The last Thursday of November is looked forward to and long remembered after it is past as the day set aside in the United States to give thanks to the Divine Dispenser for the innumerable benefits He has bestowed upon mankind for the past year. On this day every man, woman, and child forgets about the worries and bustle of the day and joins in the prayer that raises in uneasing gratitude to their Creator, the Lord of heaven and earth. Every one recognizes that no one else but God is the author of all good and no one can appropriate to himself any good but must refer it all to his Creator who gives him the grace to practise virtue. Hence, when this day approaches no one can be so unreligious as to neglect a duty of such great magnitude. And when the observance of Thanksgiving Day has passed on which we give our offerings as best as we could we are further stimulated to continue its message every day of the year.

With thanks to Thee my Lord and God,
For all Thy gifts of love;
We ne'er can thank Thee half enough
Until with Thee above.

It is with deep regret "The Echo" here chronicles the death of Thomas J. McKiernan, father of Thomas A. McKiernan, Jr., graduate of 1923.

Mr. McKiernan was a prominent Fort Wayne business man for many years and was president of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company. His health had been failing for the past several years. The faculty and student body offer their sincere sorrow to the bereaved family.

EDITORIALS

Christmas

Another year is well nigh past and again Christmas comes, and through the frosty December air come the season's greetings of cheer and joy. The perfume of the pine together with the sight of the holly and mistletoe tell us that the Yule season is here. Once again Holiday crowds hurry by; ruddy cheeks and sparkling eyes radiate the spirit of good will that characterizes every Christmas. But that is not all. Once again we are told the old, yet new story, re-echoing through nineteen hundred years and still mankind stops to listen just as fervently as it did ages ago.

Let us go in spirit to Bethlehem and there kneel with Mary and Joseph before the manger in that wretched cave. How beautiful and innocent the Infant appears as he lies in the rude crib. But He does not mind the miserable surroundings nor the cold. How beautiful are the strains from the angelic choirs. And the shepherds, how timidly they approach their King. The occasion is indeed sublime: Jesus Christ, the Second Person of the Trinity, made man to save the world.

It is no more than natural that Christmas has such a wonderful appeal. Both rich and poor forget their social standing to sing the praises of their God. What a beautiful lesson of humility He has taught us by His birth! He, the King of Heaven and Earth, born in a stable!

Yes, again it is Christmas, so let us open our hearts wide and let the spirit of the Yule-tide fill our whole being.

Let us live in the real spirit of Christmas, the spirit of real Christian humility.

If we do this, may our hearts rejoice as, on Christmas morn, we follow the star through the frosty air of the dawn and kneel there in holy joy before our King while the heavenly strain is brought to our ears again. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace to men of good will."

J. Studer, '28.

A Home Advertiser

Are you the boy who advertises his home? Do you go about the neighborhood making known the incidents which occur in your home? Don't be of this type. Let your main motive be to boost your home. Keep to yourself anything that might darken your home. Don't go about searching for someone to whom you may tell the unpleasant incidents which may have happened in your home. Let us all be good home advertisers.

L. Schultheis, '28.

Echo Advertisers

Everyone enjoys reading "The Echo." The short stories, poems, class activities, Over the Party Line, and other interesting features captivate "The Echo" readers. But most of the readers overlook the advertisements which make possible the publication of "The Echo." Our advertisers are "The Echo's" most staunch and most loyal supporters. They deserve every reader's patronage.

C. Keller, '28.

When a Man Is a Man

When a man is a man he does his share on this great universe of ours, and he does it to the best of his ability. He performs his manual labors and his daily occupations by using the talents that God gave him. The unknown task before him is his future. It might be happiness or sorrow, luxury or poverty, or a series of reverses instead of an easy rise to manhood. One must realize, therefore, that it takes a man with a willing heart and a strong backbone to follow the specific path laid down for him in his journey through life.

E. Miller, '28.

What Is Your Ambition?

Some boys have found their ideal occupation early in life and have become successful at an early age. But this is not the experience of most boys. It is true that every boy at one time or another has had a desire to enter a certain business or profession. Many change from one thing to another as they grow older; they see things in a new light and also become acquainted with new fields to conquer. In the last few years of school life a boy should have found or have tried to find some occupation to his own taste. Each boy, therefore, should pick an avocation to which he can apply his whole heart and mind. This application is necessary in order to succeed; for if a person is not interested in his work he will not do it well and will slacken in performing his duties. The most successful business grows from a hobby well studied and cultured until it reaches its goal, a life-long profession.

T. Butler, '28.

The "Go-Getter"

In each and every walk of life its travelers are divided into groups according to their enthusiasm or zeal for their work. There is a group that might be termed "lazy" because of their inactivity and lack of interest in their work. A second group is rightfully called "listless" because of their half-hearted attempts at attaining success. The last group is the "go-getters." They are sure to rise to success. A "go-getter" constantly endeavors to forge ahead and continually attempts to better himself. Everyone likes a "go-getter." No one enjoys knowing a listless or lazy person. The "go-getter" has personality, zeal and courage. Be a "go-getter"!

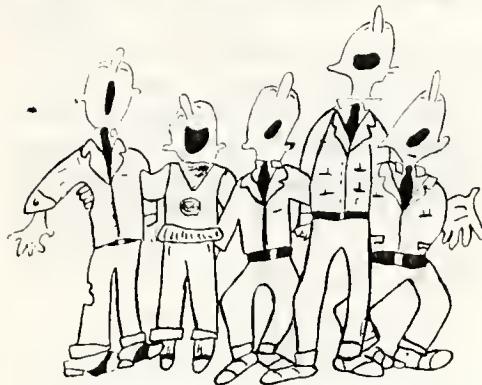
J. Conway, '28.

Winter

In the city, winter is a season of delightful scenes. The whiteness of the snow that covers the ground lends an aspect of cheerfulness to those who remain indoors to enjoy the comfort of a warm home. The pleasures of skating on the frozen lagoons and lakes draw the more vigorous persons from their cozy homes. The hills are the scenes of sleighing parties enjoyed by children. Huge snow banks made by persons cleaning their walks, rise high into the air. The leafless trees are sprinkled with soft particles of snow. As darkness descends, a blanket of stillness covers the city. No more do we hear the cheers of skaters and the laughter of children. The mantle of snow now makes the city appear solemn and peaceful.

W. Parrot, '28.

Class Notes



Senior Class Notes

The class of '28 again greets the readers of "The Echo" after a long vacation. This time, as Seniors, the class enrolled for the last time as members of Central Catholic High School. Four years ago, as Freshmen, this class numbered seventy-two students. This number has decreased to forty-nine, who are determined to overcome the various obstacles put in the way of students and finally receive their diplomas.

Soon after school re-opened, class elections were held. Winans was the unanimous choice for president; Arnold was elected treasurer for the coming year, and Lassus was the choice for secretary. Each one has proved his ability by doing the various duties of his position commendably.

When the call for football candidates was called a response was made by the following Seniors: Captain Winans at tackle, Arnold, Rauner, Romary and Lassus in the backfield. Other linemen are Hartman, Shea, Schrantz, Pion, Deininger and Cavanaugh. In the game with Hammond, Rauner was

painfully injured and will probably be out of the line-up for several weeks.

The aim of the Senior Class is to put forth an "Echo" that will eclipse all "Echoes" of the past. In order to achieve this purpose James Studer was appointed editor-in-chief of "The Echo" staff. Russell Blackburn is the business manager and Delbert McKenzie is the sports editor.

The Senior Class is well represented in the orchestra by: Zoeller at the piano, O'Dowd pounds on the traps, Pion plays a violin, Butler and Shea string a banjo, Blackwell and Kromm exert their air pressure on the saxaphones.

At a recent class meeting, a class pin, which was ordered last year but not claimed, caused a discussion as to what to do with it. It was finally decided to draw for it in order to defray its cost. The pin was raffled off later. Blackburn had the lucky number and received the pin while the rest of the class looked on with almost envious eyes. More pins of the same design were ordered for those who did not get them last year.

With the end of football near, the Seniors will be represented on the varsity basketball team by Steckbeck, Romary and Cron at forwards and Arnold, Lassus, Fox and Herber at guards. A class league probably will be formed and many other Seniors will show their ability on this team.

During each noon hour volleyball is played in the gym and a number of Seniors are enabled to use up their excess energy in this form of sport.

At the first pep meeting, which was held before the Concordia game, Joe Mulligan was called upon to lead the

students in their cheers. From the cheers he received, it is evident that he will be very successful as a cheerleader.

The class of '28 has been increased by two new members who have decided to complete their Senior year at this school. They are Maurice Walsh, who previously attended Urbana High School, and Nilles who came here from Huntington.

Norbert Cavanaugh, '28.

Junior Class Notes

Once again the walls of C. C. echo to the scufflings of many feet tramping down the well worn corridors to resume the regime of class which for three months had been totally neglected under the reign of vacation. Once again the portals of old C. C. have swung wide to admit our class under the new and well deserved role of Juniors. Some of our former classmates have answered the call of the world and have severed their relations with study. Hence our number has been sadly depleted but what we lack in quantity we can easily make up in quality.

Although the melancholy or happy days of studies, exams, athletic events and class activities are once more in our midst, still we find many opportunities for cheering up our spirits in the happy companionship of the everyday life of our school. There are the football and basketball games which offer one of the best types of entertainment possible for the high school boy and afford him plenty of opportunities of releasing surplus and stored-up energies.

We are very proud of the representation by our class on the football

team. For the line we have contributed Woulfe, McArdle, Lenk, Diek, Kane, Kennerk and Rissing. In the backfield we have Huguenard and Beek.

Howard Horton is gaining fame as a swimmer. He is probably ambitious of some day being a National Champion. The Juniors extend to him their tokens of congratulations for his recent successes.

One of the most important acts of the present Junior student body has been the selection of class rings. These rings symbolize the spirit of unity in the class and form a lasting memorial of our hallowed school days in C. C. They should be worn with a sense of loyalty and pride in the fact that we are members of the Class of '29.

The music room has been changed to a new location and in its place now stands our beloved store house in order to accommodate larger crowds. Judging from the music which daily peals out from thence, our orchestra must be enjoying its new location. Several Juniors have earned a place in this body. There is Waltz, a finished violin player and director of the "Hoosier Melody Boys"; DeWald, a saxaphonist; Horton, a new student, who wields a wicked cornet, and Ehinger, a violinist.

This year the Juniors have been granted the privilege of taking chemistry and seem to be enjoying the novelty of making gases and performing various experiments, although we have heard some growling and muttering rather caustic remarks concerning Equations and the laws of Charles and Boyle.

Soon the call for basketball candidates will be issued and it will be answered loyally by the Juniors. Every-

one remembers Diek, who starred at center last year for C. C. We also have good prospects in McArdle and Woulfe.

About a week after school opened class elections were held. Owen Kennerk was elected president; Louis Diek, treasurer, and Eugene Huguendard, secretary. Louis immediately got on the war path and began collecting dues for the events of the year.

Plans for the biggest and best Junior Prom in the history of the school are being discussed, but, as yet, no definite time and place has been agreed upon.

J. Bohn, '29.

Herbert Reitz, '29.

Sophomore Class Notes

The Class of '30 greets you. Although our ranks have decreased from seventy-eight to sixty-five our spirit has increased. We hope to fulfill our promise made last year that our class is going to be the most successful that has ever entered C. C.

Our activities began with the election of class officers. John Disser was chosen president. The position of secretary went to James Fullam, while the custody of the gold and silver fell into the hands of Morris Moran.

In answer to Coach Koehl's call, eight Sophomores responded. These are: Manuel, fullback; Bennigan and Disser, halfbacks; Moran, quarterback; Deppen and K. Winans, ends; Logan and Fullam, guards. With these men on the varsity the Sophomore team suffered badly; but not enough to prevent them from beating the Freshmen in two of the three games played. In these games Martin Draths barked signals in collegiate style. Joseph Schwarz, veteran half-

back, together with Paul Pequignot played good football. James Kane, "the dashing sophomore," also played well.

We are also represented on the swimming team of the Catholic Community Center by James Foohey, William Beck and Herman Kloepfer. Just recently they helped the swimming team defeat the strong Toledo tank-squad.

So far the orchestra has attracted only two of our class. Richard Obergfell plays the cornet while Eugene Schott fingers the keys. It surprises us to hear so much singing talent going to waste on the campus or on the way home. The Glee Club should be notified.

The basketball squad will again receive the support of many from our class. "Frosty" Bennigan, who made a wonderful showing on the varsity five last season, promises to add more glory to the class of '30. He will be aided by several of his fellow classmates: Moran, Disser, K. Winans and Franke.

Although we have said a good deal about athletics we are not forgetting our studies. We hope to equal if not surpass our scholastic standing of last year. We will try to have many names on the next Honor Roll as a proof of our early assertion that we are going to be the most successful class that has ever attended C. C.

N. Burns, '30.

K. Winans, '30.

Sophomore A B C's

A is for all the Sophomores,
 B is for Beck so beautiful and bright,
 C is for Cranston so cunning and cute,
 D is for Deck so drowsy and droll,
 E is for Effort, our class slogan,
 F is for Fullam so full of fun,
 G is for Gulbin so graceful and good,

H is for Haffner so hefty and huge,
 I is for Irish Sophomores,
 J is for Johnson so jolly and just,
 K is for Kramer so kind and kinky,
 L is for Logan so lanky and lean,
 M is for Manuel so manly and mild,
 N is for Noll so neat and natural,
 O is for Obergfelt who plays overtures in
 * orchestras,
 P is for Poiry who pilots a piece of tin,
 R is for Rauner so rugged and round,
 S is for Stein so slender and slim,
 T is for Till not tall or thin,
 W is for Winans so wooly and wild.

R. Kratzman, '30.

Freshmen Class Notes

On the eighth day of September about sixty-two timid looking lads entered C. C. for the first time. Of this number St. Patrick's leads the list with an enrollment of eighteen boys; Cathedral follows with twelve; St. Peter's holds third place with seven; St. Mary's and Precious Blood are tied for fourth place with five boys each; St. Paul's and St. Andrew's hold fifth place with three each; while St. Joseph's sends two. Our first step from grade school to high school all but took our breath away. The taunt "Hello Freshie" from the Sophomores rang constantly in our ears. But with brave hearts we set ourselves to observe the school discipline and apply ourselves to study.

Class elections were held several weeks after school had opened. During this time we became better acquainted with one another and could select the most capable candidates. Francis Kelty was elected president; Mills became treasurer, and Nelson received the job of secretary. Freshmen class activities now began in earnest.

Our president, Francis Kelty, turned out to be an artist. He designed a very

neat class monogram which was readily accepted by the rest of us. The monogram's two colors, green and gold, harmonize beautifully. About forty-eight members of the class purchased them.

On one occasion votes were cast for those possessing certain qualities or characteristics. Nagelsen was declared the brightest; Hindman, the most socially inclined; O'Neill, the most handsome; Mills, the most versatile; Rossington, the most ambitious; Kelty, the most popular, and Zehendner, the funniest.

The varsity football team can boast of three ambitious Freshmen. Higgins, Buelow and Kelty received the recognition of Coach Koehl. They show great promise towards future varsity stars. Their absence from the Freshman team is probably the reason for the Sophomore's two victories, 6-12 and 14-28, out of the three games played. A hard game was played against St. Peter's, who were able to tie the score. During this game the Frosh hit the line when on the offensive and held it like veterans when their foes had the ball.

The most conspicuous players are Grosh and Nagelsen who vary at quarterback. Joe Koch, the galloping "Flanagan" of the Freshmen, attended to his business of making first downs. Haley, fullback, and Boedeker, right-half, also made themselves noticeable during a game. The line is played by Captain J. Freistroffer, Evard, Pequinnot, Schafer, Miller, Zuber and Hoffman.

If space permitted, much more could be said of our class of '31, especially about our studies. The first quarter examinations will have been completed when this first issue of "The Echo" comes from the printer and we hope

that all will live up to the high standards of our class. We expect to see many Freshmen's names on the first Honor Roll of the year.

J. Nagelsen, '31.
G. Flannery, '31.

Freshmen Expressions

Pearson: Hello, Peggy.

Evard: How's business, boys?

Parisi: My goodness! What a lovely day!

Zuber: I got a good one to tell you.

McArdle: Someone stole my book.

Ed. Hoevel: Did you get 'em?

Miller: Coo coo.

Koehl: There you go.

Kruse: Oh! Shut up.

Staub: Aw, go home!

Keller: If I had a nickel I'd buy a lolly-pop.

Reed: Boy! I'm some sheik.

Desch: Aw! Cut it out!

S. Klug: Pipe down, Greg.

Vogeding: For the love of Pete.

H. Hoevel: Oh! Tell it to the birds.

Singleton: For crying out sawdust.

G. Klug: For goodness sakes.

Noll: Oh! Man.

C. Freistroffer: "Ain't" it so?

December Eighth

On December 8 is the important feast of the Immaculate Conception. Every boy ought to remember this day especially since it is the feast day of our Blessed Mother. A novena or triduum to Our Blessed Lady would be a most fitting and beneficial way to prepare for this great feast. Our Blessed Mother is the Patroness of Youth. How well we ought therefore to honor her at every opportunity. It is written that the more we honor the Queen of Heaven the more we increase in devotion.

Very Reverend Provincial Visits School

On Thursday, October 6, Central Catholic High School was honored by an informal visit from the Reverend James A. Burns, Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross. He spent a few minutes in practically every class. Our Very Reverend visitor commented favorably on the work done by the students. We sincerely hope he will call again.



Rev. Michael Andrew Chapman
Official Photographer

C. C. H. S.

The Week

Great interest is shown by the entire student body in "The Week," a mimeographed sheet of paper, distributed to the students every Monday morning during the second class period. In it are contained all the incidents of C. C. H. S. life inside and outside, but of interest to everyone. It is a work to be proud of and we know it will continue as successful in the future as it has in the past. This is the second year "The Week" has been published.

N. Cavanaugh, '28.

Thomas Hayes Newly Elected Head of C. C. Alumni

At a very important meeting of the School Alumni Association at the Community Center Tuesday, September 27, new officers were elected to lead that branch of C. C. activities. Plans for the future were brought before the meeting and will be put into operation at an early date.

Thomas Adrian Hayes was elected president; Jerome Arnold, vice-president; Julian Koehl, secretary; and Emmet Mills, treasurer. Clifford Ward was appointed scribe by President Hayes. Since 1913 the Central Catholic High School graduates total 300. Approximately 150 are now residing in Fort Wayne, while the other half are away at college or residing in other cities. An effort will be made to interest all of the local graduates in attending meetings and actively participating in the affairs of the association.

Athletics at the high school were especially encouraged at the meeting and the members were urged to interest themselves in the football and bas-

ketball games given by the students. Brother Harold is the athletic director at the high school and has been highly successful in his efforts.

Brother Raymond, C. S. C.

Since the beginning of school in September the Brothers have had as a guest Brother Raymond, C. S. C. His regular work consists in soliciting subscriptions for the *AVE MARIA*, published at Notre Dame, Indiana. In his spare time he gives talks on vocations, in general and especially on the religious vocation, to the grade and high schools of the city and nearby towns.

On September 28, the Freshmen and Sophomore classes were fortunate to hear this zealous worker of Holy Cross, Brother Owen, C. S. C., introduced Brother Raymond, C. S. C., who immediately began his talk on vocations. He explained that the Priesthood or the Brotherhood as such were not to be considered as the highest vocation; but rather the vocation to which God calls him is the highest. His design for each boy will be the one he is best fitted for. If he is called to the priesthood, then that vocation would be the highest; if to the Brotherhood, then that would be the highest vocation.

Brother Raymond, C. S. C., concluded his talk with this final counsel: "Each boy should pray very often for knowledge of the state of life God decides for him."

J. Butler, '31.

Visitors

In the latter part of September the Brothers received a visit from the Right Reverend Archbishop Peter Hurst, Reverend Charles H. Thiele and

Reverend John B. Steger. The Archbishop was the guest of Reverend Father Thiele, pastor of St. Peter's Church.

The Brothers also received visits from Father Corcoran, C. S. C., who conducted a Forty Hours' Devotion at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, and from Father Mulloy, C. S. C., who gave the Forty Hours' Devotion at St. Patrick's Church.

Orchestra

The Orchestra is again on its way to another year of musical endeavor and with close application ought to succeed in rendering good music.

Music is always an item in school life as it is anywhere else. No good theater omits music. Few attend a show where music is missing.

A person is well paid if he is an accomplished musician. He receives his reward in pecuniary wages, or in a subjective way for his own satisfaction and evening entertainment.

The following are members of the C. C. Orchestra: Richard O'Dowd, Carl Zoeller, Herbert Shea, Eugene Schott, Robert Waltz, Argel Pion, Jerome Ehinger, Richard Obergfell, Howard Horton, Maurice DeWald, Franklin Kronm, Richard Blackwell, Thomas Butler.

Armistice Day

Central Catholic High School observed Armistice Day, November 11, in a fitting manner. The entire student body assembled in the study-hall for a program which opened with an orchestra selection. James Studer then gave a short address on the significance of the day. A violin solo by Robert Waltz

was liked so well by the students that he was obliged to play another piece. The main address was given by Mr. Edwin R. Thomas, Prosecuting Attorney-elect.

Mr. Thomas based his talk on the three principles of Right, Liberty and Religion. He said that in the past vast numbers of men have died gallantly upholding these three standards, especially that of religion. In the late World War, Liberty and Right were in danger. Our country fought that these principles might be preserved and enjoyed by future generations of people. He concluded his speech by declaring that if we used the principles of Right, Liberty and Religion as guides in our lives, success would surely crown our efforts.

Program

Orchestra	Sundown
James Studer	Armistice Day
Robert Waltz (Violin Solo)	Hortensia
Mr. E. R. Thomas	Address
Orchestra	Dew Dew Dewy Day

J. Disser, '30.

"The Echo" is called upon to record the death of a kind friend, Dr. Alfred L. Kane.

Doctor Kane attended the Cathedral Brothers' School and later graduated from the Fort Wayne Medical School, Harvard University, and the University of Pennsylvania.

Two of his boys, William and Edward, attend the Central Catholic High School.

The student body extend their sincere sympathy to the members and relatives of the family. In behalf of the Junior Class a Requiem High Mass was sung.

A LITTLE VERSE

"I'll Spent School Days"

When I recall how my school days were spent,
E'er one score years of my young life had passed,
And thought that I was then prepared at last
To go out in the world: I was content
To think that I would need but good intent
To fill the role in which I would be cast.
But then I found my thoughts to be unfast,
It seemed as though, in spite, cruel fate
gave vent
To aims, ideal, illusion, shatt'ring strife;
My visions of adventure, happiness
All faded from the spectrum of my mind:
I lived, as a result, a careless life.
"O fickle Youth, thou givest too much stress
To building castles in life's darkened skies!"

D. McKenzie, '28.

"The Echo"

The Echo is a School book
With funny jokes, "and how"!
It's great to read
Of C. C.'s speed,
Let's look it over now.

It echoes all the school events
That happen through the year;
About the sports
And class reports,
That students hold so dear.

P. Roussey, '30.

I Can

When work is just ahead
And God so close to man,
When duty whispers "lo! Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

L. Steckbeck, '28.

Our Team

There is a team in old C. C.
Whose spirit never can be beat;
In hard fought plays yes, you will see
That every student cheers each feat.

And from the start to ending play
The fans are willing to proclaim,
That every student loves to say,
"We have a team with well earned name."

With Romary, Arnold full of zest
And with the others on the go,
Rauner, Lassus without rest
The line is gritting, ready to mow.

And when the play that last is made
We know we surely won the game;
This fighting team had done its best,
Thus to the glorious day they came.

F. Miller, '28.

Christmas

'Tis the time of year
When joyous cheer
Is passed from one to one.

'Tis the time when snow
And cold winds blow
And Nature goes to sleep.

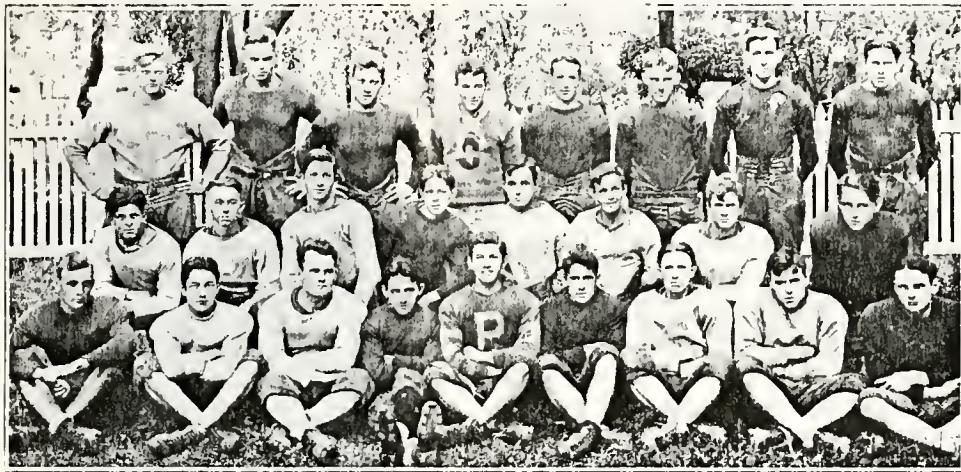
'Tis the time when Love
Shows up above
The daily passing strife.

And the people pray
On that great day
When Christ was born on earth,

That they may live
To take and give
Until their time is done.

T. Butler, '28.

Sports



C. C. H. S. OF 1927

Reading from Left to Right—Top Row, Standing: R. Winans, captain; Deininger; Arnold; Hartman; Rouner; Kennerk; Schwantz and Diek. Second Row: Buelow; Moran; Fullum; Lassus; Shaw; Tancey; Higgins and Rissing. First Row: Manuel; Kelty; Lenk; Disser; Pion; Logan; Cavanaugh; Woulfe and Kane. Missing: McArdle; Romary; Huguenard; K. Winans and Mills.

Our Team

At every game,
They win their fame,
For they play clean,
As we have seen—
Our team.

Now, down the field,
They never yield,
They play the game,
Always the same—
Our team.

C. Romary, '28.

Football

A few days after school began Coach Koehl sounded the call for football candidates. When the prospective members presented themselves he quickly noticed the loss by graduation of Joseph Logan, Joseph Hoog, Joseph Chusserath, Marshall Eyanson, Kenneth Bennigan, Firman Dillon, James De-

Wood and Richard Perry. Discouragement, however, is an archaic word in any good coach's vocabulary and so Coach Koehl got his men busy learning how football is played in 1927. Practically every night the team motored, walked, ran, or hopped out to Swinney Park and soon the results of hard practice produced a fighting squad ready to answer for themselves.

The squad, though light, was shifty and well trained. The members gave an account of themselves in every game as is attested by the scores of the games they played. The members of the team are as follows: Ends—Hartman, McArdle, Diek, Deppen, Fullum and Winans; tackles—Captain "Bob" Winans, Kennerk, Deininger, Kane; guards—Shea, Pion, Logan, Rissing, Buelow, Mills; centers—Schranz, Woulfe, Cavanaugh, Lenk; quarter-

back--Lassus; halfbacks--Rauner, Rooney, Tugtinen; Beanigan, Disser, Moran, Kelty, Beck; fullbacks--Arnold, Manuel and Tancey.



Robert Winans

Captain Robert Winans is known to all Central Catholic football fans. His sterling play at left tackle has added a mountain of strength to our line. This is Captain Bob's third year as a varsity tackle. He has constantly improved so that he was chosen as the ideal leader for this year's pigskin chasers. He is the latest outstanding lineman from a number of high calibre players. Captain Winans is a husky, peppy, likeable chap who makes friends with all whom he meets. Bob's efforts are all for the glory of the Purple and Gold of old Central Catholic High School. May his successors closely imitate his many fine qualities.

October 1

Concordia (0) C. C. H. S. (13)

On Saturday, October 1, the "Fight-

ing Irish" of old C. C. won a well played game from "Gunner" Elliott's red clad warriors of Concordia College by a count of 13 to 0. Arnold, stellar fullback, scored both touchdowns and kicked for the extra point. In the last quarter Rauner, halfback, ran the ball 40 yards to the Cadets' 30-yard line. It was the longest run of the game. Arnold's punting was a feature of the game. For Concordia Gross, Etzler, Schuster, Gamee were the best. Lassus played a heady game at quarterback and received all the punts without fumbling, several times he ran the ball back ten or fifteen yards. Arnold plunged through center for the first score and Romary passed to him for the second. In the line Wimans, Woulfe, Kennerk, Shea and Pion all performed well. Huguenard played a good game at half, as substitute for Romary.

October 15

Convoy (0) C. C. H. S. (7)

On Saturday, October 15, the Purple and Gold of old C. C. triumphed over the Red of Convoy High School. Both teams put up a tight defense. Only once was our goal line threatened but our line held and the visitors were kept in check. In the second period Arnold circled our right end for the lone touchdown of the game. Then he drop-kicked the extra point. Straight football was mostly used by both elevens. For Convoy, Lee, Meyers, High and Stemen were best. Arnold, Lassus, Romary and Winans played well for Central Catholic.

October 22

Hammond (6) C. C. H. S. (0)

C. C. after winning her first two games lost her third game of the season to Catholic Central of Hammond,

Geo. D. Frohnapfel

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by a 6-0 score. Hammond kicked off. C. C. lost the ball after a few plays. On a criss cross, Krystel, Hammond half-back, aided by good interference, raced thirty yards for a touchdown. The try for point failed. Two field goals attempted by Banas, fullback, failed. One was blocked by Kennerk, the Irish tackle. Rauner and Kennerk were C. C.'s stars of the game. The former was the best ground gainer for the Purple and Gold, while the latter repeatedly broke up plays aimed at his position. Winans and Woulfe played well in the line. Romary's punts averaged 40 yards. Huguenard played a nice game at fullback. Quarterback Lassus was good on returning punts, handling them without a fumble. With about three minutes of the fourth quarter left, Romary passed successfully three consecutive times, gaining about forty-five yards. This ended the game.

October 29

Toledo (12) C. C. H. S. (0)

C. C. received its second defeat of the season from the "stonewall" Toledo Central eleven. It was a hard fought battle; both sides playing fine football. When the sound of the final whistle was heard the score was 12-0.

The visitors displayed a rangy, well built aggregation with strong defense and good running attack. They made their scoring in the first and last periods of the game. The kicks for the extra point were both unsuccessful.

The Irish played a great defensive game and in the third quarter they brought the "Buckeyes" to a standstill. Most of the gains by C. C. were made on forward passes. Winans, Huguenard and Romary starred for C. C.

while Rihacek and Kessler were best for Toledo. Kennerk and Arnold also played well.

November 5

Cathedral (6) C. C. H. S. (0)

C. C. lost to Cathedral of Indianapolis, at Indianapolis, by a score of 6-0. C. C. kicked off to open the game. Both sides fumbled repeatedly, due to the cold. Numerous penalties slowed up the contest. Lassus recovered a fumble by Cathedral and ran the ball fifteen yards in the first period. Both teams kicked often, the exchange being about even. Lassus was injured and Manuel replaced him. Two first downs were quickly made. Then Cathedral got the ball, marched down the field, and scored on a 20-yard pass from Miller to Herold. The kick for point was not allowed.

The ball was mostly in midfield in the third quarter. Cathedral was held even by C. C. Arnold kicked out of danger when Cathedral threatened another score but soon lost the ball to C. C. A long pass to Arnold by Manuel brought the ball to the Indianapolis 10-yard line. Cathedral braced, took the ball and had it on our 10-yard line when the game ended.

Dugan's punting featured the down-state offense. Herold played a good game at end. Miller and Connolly were main cogs for the victors. Romary, as usual, played a fine game for C. C. Lassus also played well before he was injured. Manuel repeatedly made sweeping end runs. His passing and returning punts was commendable. The whole squad played a clean, hard game against their speedy hard-hitting opponents.

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November 12

Howe (0) C. C. H. S. (0)

C. C. battled Howe Military Academy to a scoreless tie in a stubborn defensive tilt. Fumbles by both teams were frequent as a result of the cold weather. Arnold's long punts kept Howe from scoring positions. C. C. held Captain Putney, Cadet quarterback, well in check. Jenkins played a good game in the line, and in the backfield Deligiannis and Schnack were best for Howe.

Forward passes by C. C. threatened to score but the aerial attack was quickly stopped. Arnold crashed the Cadet line for several nice gains. Romary played his usual nifty game. Shea and Woulfe performed well in the line, aided by the fine work of Captain Winans and Kennerk. Deppen made a fine showing at end, once throwing a Howe passer for a ten-yard loss. As a whole, the team played a strong game against the Military squad. The score itself tells the struggle made by our fighting Irish.

Basketball

Prospects are very bright that the Purple and Gold basketball team of 1927-28 will maintain the high standard set by previous Irish fives. Lawrence Christman, guard, is the only regular lost by graduation. As a nucleus for his quintet, Coach Koehl has Romary and Steckbeck, stellar forwards, and Lassus and Arnold, speedy, dependable guards. Diek, a two-year man, is the regular center.

Of last year's reserves are Fox, Woulfe, McArdle, forwards, and Benningan, a fine guard. Other members of the squad making a nice showing in

practice will be seen in action in a few weeks.

The team will appear in natty uniforms. The color scheme has been altered. The shirts are gold, with letters emblazoned across the back. The trunks are "leather skin" flannel. These are a brilliant purple. Purple coat sweaters, with a unique, attractive monogram on the backs, have been selected for use in warming up before the games.

Basketball Schedule 1927-'28

Dec. 9—F.—Indianapolis (Cathedral)....	There
Dec. 10—S.—Anderson	There
Dec. 23—F.—Alumni	Here
Dec. 30—F.—Edgerton	There
Jan. 6—F.—Delphos	There
Jan. 7—S.—Edgerton	Here
Jan. 13—F.—Lima (St. Rose).....	There
Jan. 14—S.—Convoy	Here
Jan. 27—F.—Decatur	Here
Jan. 28—S.—Indianapolis (Cathedral)....	Here
Feb. 3—F.—Delphos	Here
Feb. 4—S.—Howe	There
Feb. 10—F.—Decatur	There
Feb. 17—F.—Convoy	There
Feb. 18—S.—Anderson	Here
Feb. 25—S.—Detroit	Here

Peace

The sun sinking in the West,
Gave forth a glorious sight;
And birds in many a lofty nest,
Slept peacefully throughout the night.
W. Muldoon, '28.

Nature

The sky was bright,
As day drew near its close;
But waning was the light,
When nature sought repose.
W. Muldoon, '28.

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Alumni



A Word to the Alumni

*It has been one of "The Echo's" most cherished ambitions during the last few years to draw the bonds of affection tighter among the Alumni, so that in the end, their Alma Mater might reap the greater benefit of this close affiliation. For this purpose we are again attempting the Alumni Column. It is our hope to make this more of a feature. In our dreams, we have often seen a hundred Alumni on our subscription list, but in reality the goal is far away. No labor has been spared to make the subscription list larger, but with little results.

Think of the many pleasant memories nearly forgotten that could be awakened through the Alumni Column. Action is what we want and plenty of it. We want a body of Alumni that are up and doing.

C. C. does not call for financial, but for moral support. The student body of today wants to feel the pulse of the past beating as one with its own. More active members, members who are men, live wires with constructive ideas are the type we want. "The Echo" offers the mouthpiece; it remains for the Alumni to deliver the goods.

Perhaps our tone has been too vehement, but our motive is of the right order. In all sincerity, we ask more co-operation from the Alumni. If in the past you have been inactive, resolve to be so no longer. Be up and doing and remember that "The Echo" is depending on you to come through.

Editor, '28.

It is interesting, from time to time, to note the workings of Fate with the ex-graduates of our Alma Mater. Way back in 1913 a robust youth, one Jerry Miller, left old C. C. with a light heart and determination to make his fortune. Today he resides as a director of the Superior Typesetting Company. However, Jerry doesn't allow his business duties to interfere with his athletics. The city tennis tournament annually finds Jerry forging his way to its end and only to lose when nearing his final goal. The basketball court still realizes his old-time ability.

A number of our alumni have seen fit to study law, and worthy attorneys they have made. Aaron Huguenard, '18, continued his studies at Notre Dame and is now a prominent attorney at South Bend. Edward Lennon recently displayed his unusual talents at the bar when he was selected as assistant-attorney-general for the state of Indiana.

Again a different group of our grads felt their calling to be to the clergyman's life. The Rev. Frank Wyss, C. S. C., class of '14, lends his efforts to catechising the pagans of India. The missionary left for the scene of his life's work last year. Rev. H. James Conway, '18, is first assistant at St. Mary's parish, East Chicago, Indiana. The Brothers of the Holy Cross realized a new member when Joseph Zuber, '19, entered their fold. Brother Leonard is teaching commercial courses at New Orleans at the present time.

One Gordon Kelly, who will be remembered by the class of '18 as a jovial, likeable chap, has relinquished his titles of D.C. and M.C. in the Ross College of Chiropractics and has just recently incorporated with his father in the oil business, where we are sure he will realize success.

Two of our far-famed Alumni have entered the malt and hop trade. Ernest Miller, '20, manages one of a chain of stores of this nature—the Belmont Products Company in South Bend. Carl Schweiters, '25, is connected with a similar store at 1201 Calhoun street.

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LOU AURENTZ, Mgr.

they marveled at the quality one of their members possessed for making a quick, accurate decision on any impending problem. That certain genius, none other than our friend Clarence Diek, '24, benefits by his early ability in that he is employed as estimator at the Western Gas. Clarence has not forgotten the fine old art of handling the basketball. The Alumni team, besides a few independent teams, annually find Clarence one of their members.

Ralph Nieb, of '21, just a short time ago accepted a good position with the Home Telephone Company. Ralph, it will be remembered by a host of his friends, was formerly with the News-Sentinel.

Over four years ago we were all pleased to hear that Joe Luley, '21, was to attend Harvard University and we wished him the best of good fortune. Joe took Foreign Diplomacy. To-day he is taking a post-graduate course. During his summer vacation Joe was a prominent figure about the city, especially to the younger generations, in the capacity of a playground official.

Jimmy Huntine, '20, is still striving to realize his boyhood ambition to be a railroad magnate at the Nickel Plate. Jimmy is still heard wailing his sax in numerous orchestras.

It was six years ago when the class of '21 left their Alma Mater and set out to brave the billows of the world. At that time one Herbert Conway departed for Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, to take a pre-medical course. Two years later he entered the Cincinnati Medical School and now is a senior in that institution. Herb says that after serving next year as an interne he hopes to realize his lifelong ambition.

Should anyone of our Alumni need a "retiring," don't overlook the fact that our friend "Les" Roussey, '24, is proprietor of a tire shop, known as Roussey Tire Shop, on East Main near Clinton street.

"Fred" Waltz, '25, is attending the Indianapolis School of Pharmacy. We always thought Fred would be a good man to fill a prescription or dispense a soda.

It is expected that out of the vast number of our ex-grads that some would hold the far-famed "Réd" Grange as their ideal. Aurelius Fink and Emmett Sorg have championed him to a "T." They work at the Moran Ice Company.

Our old friend, "Chub" Graf has met with

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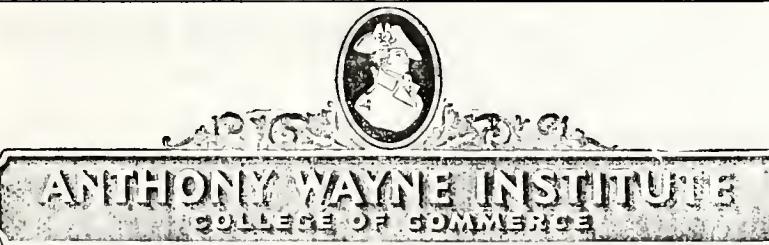
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success. He attended Notre Dame for a year and then entered business. He now is proprietor of a popular restaurant in New Haven which is frequently visited by Fer. Wayne residents.

The movements of their mother's knitting needles must have had a momentous attraction for some of our number, viewing from the fact that Clyde Hanson, '24, Paul McLaughlin, '25, and Ralph "Goeble" Newman, '27, are in the employ of the Wayne Knitting Mills at the present time.

From the present outlook, it will be only a matter of time until "ex C. C." will have complete control of the large International Harvester Plant to the east of the city. Alfred Gardner, '24, is a secretary at the plant and Cyril "Cid" Romary, '26, is a manager of one of the departments. Stephen Franke, '25, is also employed there.

One of our former contributors to the literary columns of "The Echo" found it hard to relinquish his old desire for the printed line and proceeded to obtain work in the National Printing Company. This interesting individual is Donald Mulhaupt. Don will be remembered as having had the honor of being his "class poet" at the commencement in 1925.

Leonard Heit decided he needed more bookkeeping after graduating. He is now employed in the capacity of caring for the books of Eckart's Packing Company. Leonard was not the only grad to take to the slaughtering trade. Frank Parrot assists his father in the Parrot's Meat Market and Ed Henry, '27, can be seen wielding a meat chopper in the rear of the Central Grocery.

Ed Kallymeyer, '24, and Virgil Kline, '25, are important cogs in the intricate General Electric plant. "Bill" Potthoff, '27, is serving an apprenticeship at the same plant. He is connected with the Tool Department.

Gregory Kennerk, '25, famous in his day as an unusually gifted cheer-leader and man-about-school, is now forging his way to the head of the Dudlo Company. Howard Pauley, '24, is also with the concern. Howard is an important factor in the basketball team the Dudlo annually puts on the floor.

The class of '24 well remembers the efficiency of the Pape brothers for automobile. We realize that the gasoline engine is the field of their life's work when we hear that Wilfred is connected with the Standard Oil Company and that his brother "Joe" is a

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"Bob" Litot, '24, thinks his appetite craves closer connection with the life-giving viands which explains his working at the Kayser Grocery. Robert Suelzer, of the same year, dispenses foodstuffs at his father's food-shop.

You probably recall the natural ability of one affable Clarence Patten for counting money. Clarence now works at the First National Bank, where he has ample opportunity of exercising his power with checkbooks. Johnny Fitzgerald is another big banker and as the Fates would have it, at the same institution. Johnny, we might add, was the leading man in a little nuptial scene recently enacted at St. Patrick's Church. The Echo extends its hearty congratulations, Johnny!

Quite a few have entered the drug business with the intention of owning their own pharmacy in the near future. John Huguenard, '21, is employed at Ringwalt's Pharmacy. "Bud" Buchelt, '27, can be found distributing carbonated beverages at Gocke's Drug Store. Alfred "Pie" Renz, '27, is learning the fundamentals of the drug trade at Kohlmeyer's Pharmacy. Arnold Krouse, '26, lends his services to the Hutson Drug Co. Roger Halter, '26, drives a motorcycle delivery for the Wayne Pharmacal. Roger is famous about the city for taking corners on one wheel and for trying to move telephone poles.

The class that graduated in '24 little realized at the time, but in its fold were a few destined to be great powers in our country through the agency of the two far-reaching rails of steel. The destined few were Morris Smith, Joe Kinstle and Norbert "Pinky" Koehl. Although the three have not as yet attained the aforementioned heights, but strive for that goal at the present time at the Pennsylvania Railroad System.

Neil Thompson, prominent member of '26, went with the Indiana Public Service after graduation. Neil intends to further his ability with the "ivories," for which quality he was quite a sensation at school. To-day he is organist at the St. Paul's Church. Numerous recitals and orchestras claim his talent.

J. Conway, '28.

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HUMOR



C.

Frosh: How do you like school?
Fresh: I like it closed.

C.

Sonny: Mother, are sheep the dumbest animals?

Mother: Yes, my little lamb.

H.

First Boy: They say you failed in geometry. I can't understand it.

Second Boy: Neither can I.

S.

Plaintiff (to a Judge): A woman threw me into a gutter when I was almost going into a . . .

Judge: Sewer.

Plaintiff: I can't your honor, you see she's my wife and I was only going into another lady's ear when she saw me.

C.

Kaa: Sneezing seems to relieve my head.

Choo: Better be careful that you are not relieved of your brains.

C.

Pale: You seem to have that "down-in-the-mouth" look more every day.

Face: Why shouldn't I? I'll soon be a graduate dentist.

H.

Customer: I want a cap.

Salesman: Fur?

Customer: Myself.

S.

Mistress (angrily): Break more dishes?

Maid (obediently): Yes'am. Crash! Bang!

C.

Senior: Why in the world don't you lend that Freshman a dime?

Junior: I will just as soon as I can convince him of its value.

Tutor: Who was Hammurabi?

Johnny: He was the first man to write co eds (codes) on tablets.

C.

Jack: Give me a cigarette.

Jim: Here y're.

Jack: Got a match?

Jim: Here y're.

Jack: Thanks.

Jim: Want me to smoke for you?

H.

Prof.: What's the stomach used for?

Pupil: To hold up our trousers.

S.

Sap: How do you like my spinach?

Olio: In the garden.

C.

First Football Player: Gee! I had a hard time holding him down.

Second Football Player: And why did you swallow him?

C.

Teacher: What did C'aesar do after crossing the Rubicon?

Student: He dried himself.

H.

"Do you like geometry?"

"No."

"Why?"

"There are too many 'whys' in it."

S.

Ruby: Did you hear about the boy losing his gun?

Ber: Did he cry over it?

Rub: No, he got his feet wet.

C.

Teacher: And who was Noah?

Tony: I don't knowa—sell a he da bannan?

H.

Teacher (to pupil walking noisily): It's bad enough that you have big feet without advertising them.

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C.

Roussey (whispering in class): "Hey Reitz."

Teacher: "Roussey, you will get enough of Reitz after school. Reitz me five hundred words."

C.

Blackburn (singing sweetly):

Autumn is

The time of the year

When corn is

Faten off the ear.

Bilskie: Ha! Ha! I thought corn grew on cobs.

Blackburn: Some do and some don't.

Bilskie: Now, why do you mention that?

H.

Two faces were close together. One was deep red, sweaty and quite exhausted; the other was white with hands close to it. It was Beck with his Fingersoll which showed him that he had just missed the last car and would be late for school.

S.

"It won't be long now," said Kromm as he seized his razor and began to remove his thin, brown whiskers.

C.

Nine A. M. and all's well except that Rossington, the early bird of the Freshman B class, hasn't arrived yet.

C.

The Freshmen are young and giddy,
The Seniors are old and gray;
The Sophomores are the big heads,
But the Juniors! They're O. K.

Eugene Schott learned of the shot that was heard around the world and wondered whether he was the echo still heard occasionally in class.

S.

Nelson: Hic, hic.

Teacher: Have you been drinking?

Nelson: No, I'm studying my Latin.

C.

McArdle thinks he is Don Juan. He runs the bus for the Academy girls.

C.

A Freshman is reported saying that a buttress was a female goat.

H.

Behn, champion excuse artist of the Junior Class, was a trifle upset the other day when he told the teacher that the street car he was on ran out of gas.

S.

Teacher: Kloepfer, were you ever bothered with dyspepsia?

Kloepfer: Only when I try to spell it.

C.

Hilker has been called "the rainbow." He has a light complexion, has red hair, wears a multi-colored sweater, gray trousers, black shoes and a purple tie.

C.

Winans (220 lb. heavyweight): May I sit here?

Zoeller (120 lb. lightweight): No, sir! Get out!

H.

Beware Freshmen! There's a WOLF among you.

S.

Roesner likes lollipops so much he intends to make his own.

"Guess what I'm going to name them?" he

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asked Anderson.

"Roesner's-pops, undertaker's specials," replied Anderson.

C.

Paul Staub is the biggest all-round Freshman.

C.

The Sophs. will have a hot time when Cecil Burns.

H.

Freshman: Where was Solomon's Temple?

Junior: On the side of his head.

S.

"Jim" Butler, a little two-by-four Freshman, who was distributing papers to the class, was asked whether he had enough. "No, I am two short," he replied.

C.

Franke: Say, Cochoit, you ought to Reed Disser piece about the famous fifty-yard Desch.

Cochoit: All right, but if Kane is going to Lynch your Hindman you better Ley Buelow.

C.

John Nagelsen is small enough to be manager of a "Teenie Weenie" football team.

H.

Lesh writes:

I hope that I shall never be,
On the receiving end of a bumble bee.

S.

Morris: Keep still, I can't think.

McMahon: How natural.

C.

If N. Burns, why doesn't the rest of the alphabet?

C.

It is rumored that Roffelson wants to change his name to Noah Lott. We don't doubt it.

H.

Freshy: "I don't know who the responsible party is; but we always get the blame."

S.

Grosh is all right in his way, but he doesn't weigh much.

C.

Baltes: Why is Parnin so scared?

O'Dowd: He just looked in a mirror.

C.

Sorgen is always hunting for trouble in bookkeeping with his red ink.

C.

Woulfe's only complaint in regard to his lately acquired Ford is that each time he "tears it down" he has superfluous parts.

H.

That man can't see a thing.

Poor thing! What's the matter with him? He's got his eyes shut.

S.

Puff (as he left pantomime show): That was a "heck" of a show. I couldn't hear a word they said.

C.

A Freshman once said of a young lady who had been severely burned: "I'll bet if anybody told her to get hot, she'd drown him."

C.

Parisi thinks he is sweet because his first name is Carmel.

H.

"Smitty" always has his lessons—he has them to get.

S.

Kromm: Have you ever heard when Christmas falls?

Rauner: No, does it make much noise?

C.

Berghoff thinks he is popular because his name is on every Double XX beer bottle.

C.

"Acute angles are not so nice after all," says Schwartz.

H.

Some of the Freshmen better look out for their lives—there's a BANET among them.

S.

Quoting a Soph: "I know every thing about Geometry except how to do it."

C.

Parrot: Hey, Joe, come over tonight. I have something great to show you—the smallest dog in captivity.

Joe (on his arrival): Where is the runt dog you were talking about?

Parrot: Why here!—and hands him an exceptionally small-sized wiener.

C.

Poinsette on Moran Till Koch Burns Haffner Braun.

H.

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Fort Wayne, Ind.

Kennerk is trying to convince the Juniors that the fuzz he had under his nose was a mustache.

S.

A boy just heard the class bell ring when he saw "Jim" Kane walking slowly towards school. "Hurry Kane! Hurry Kane!" he shouted.

* Kane: "What's the matter with you? The wind isn't blowing."

C.

Noll is the sheik of the school from all appearances, but appearances are deceiving.

C.

Brink: Say, DeWald, are you a musician?

DeWald: I sure am, I was born in a flat

H.

Ed. Tancey claims that if he wasn't out for football the coach wouldn't have taken a picture of the team.

S.

With Grosh, the 61-lb. Freshie and Deininger, who must stoop to pass through doors, C. C. could put on a mighty fine sideshow.

C.

"You Can't Be Optimistic With Misty Optics"



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Ralph J. Blume, C. C. H. S.
At Your Service

Teacher: Beck, define a Blunder-bus.

Beck: A mistaken auto-ride.

C.

Two weeks after Coach Kochl told the football players not to eat any sweet things Kennerk came to school with a cookie duster so he could brush the sugar from the cookies sold in the candy-room.

H.

Some of the Sophomores are saying that they don't blame Brutus for killing Caesar.

S.

Ken, Poiry: Don't drive so fast.

Don, Poiry: Why not?

Ken, Poiry: Oh! Maybe that motorcycle cop who is following us doesn't like it.

C.

Famous last words: "Let's go over to Lydicks."

C.

Junior: What a face!

Sophomore: Yes, a good improvement over yours.

H.

Mulligan is our new cheer leader. When he opens his mouth to yell we can't see his face.

S.

Boedeker: "Was that noise the fire alarm?"

Langhorst: "No, that was Miller sneezing."

C.

We Freshmen wish to announce that we have a Butler as well as the Seniors.

C.

We wonder what excuse Meehan would give for coming in if the Columbia Street tracks were elevated.

H.

Stranger: "Who is the responsible man in this school?"

S.

O'Dowd (as he picks up a nurse in his Rickenbacker): Going up?

Nurse: Yes, I hope to some day.

C.

Teacher: Have you any excuse for this continual tardiness?

Logan: Well! Every morning when I come within a block of school I see a sign which reads: "School zone—Go Slow."

C.

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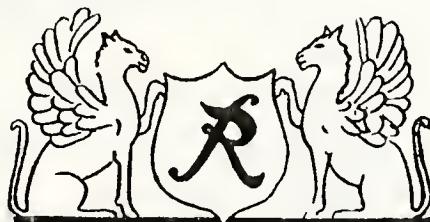
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The freshman Staub, after hearing of the wonders of the chemistry lab. from a Junior, said that it would take too much of it to put him together again if he was blown up.

H.

Schnelker: Where did that big can of axle-grease I just had go to?

Steckbeck: Why, I just saw Baltes leaving with very shining hair.

S.

Poiry's fliwer is now the proud possessor of three-in-one gears; he claims it'll do sixty-eight now.

C.

Whipperwill! Whipperwill! sang the bird as William and his sweetheart were walking down the lane.

C.

In declining DONUM the other day a pupil in a Latin class hesitated at the dative singular DONO. "I agree with you," said the teacher.

H.

Apparently Louis Diek has made a new "acquaintance"—most likely a beauty-parlor operator. He has changed his straight locks to very beautiful curly ones.

S.

DeWald: How often do railroads kill a man?

McArdle: I don't know.

DeWald: Just once.

C.

"Percy" Waltz: How can I tell the horse-power of my car?

Weber: Lift the hood and count the plugs.

C.

Bright Boy: The teacher asked a question and no one could answer it.

His Mother: Weren't you embarrassed?

Bright Boy: No, it was in another class.

H.

She: What! Late again?

He: Well! I hated to disappoint you, madam.

S.

Exchanges

We gratefully acknowledge the reception of the following:

The Alumni Mirror, St. John's School, Bridgeport, Conn.

The Bell, St. Mary's High School, Sandusky, Ohio.

Blue and White, Catholic Central High School, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Calumet Cosmos, Catholic Central High School, Hammond, Ind.

The Centralite, Central High School, Butte, Mont.

The Collegian, St. Mary's College, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The Collegian, St. Joseph's College, Collegeville, Ind.

The Comet, St. John's High School, Toledo, Ohio.

The Indian Sentinel, Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, Washington, D. C.

Green and White, De La Salle College, Manila, P. I.

Hagnavox, St. Mel High School, Chicago, Ill.

The Marksman, La Salle Military Academy, Oakdale, Long Island.

The Megaphone, Cathedral High School, Indianapolis, Ind.

Monarch, Holy Redeemer High School, Detroit, Mich.

The Pioneer, Illinois State Reformatory, Pontiac, Ill.

St. Edward's Echo, St. Edward's University, Austin, Texas.

St. Joseph's Gleaner, St. Joseph's College, Hinsdale, Ill.

St. Joseph's Prep Chronicle, St. Joseph's College High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

Scholastic, Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind.

The Spotlight, Central High School, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Tattler, Nashua High School, Nashua, N. H.

The Viatorian, St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Ill.

The Wag, Rount College, Jacksonville, Ill.

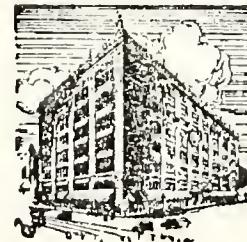
The Wendelette, St. Wendelin High School, Fostoria, Ohio.

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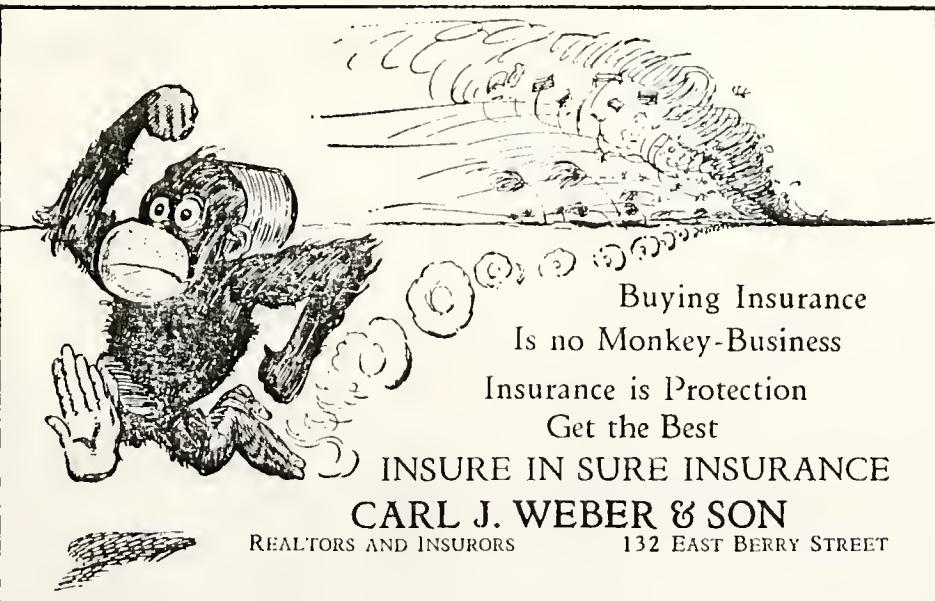


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